With only few factories employing over 500 persons, it is the smaller and medium sized specialized industries which are typical. First comes the textile trade. The Vorarlberg cotton industry, which enjoys an international reputation, produces not only the finest multi-coloured woven cloth in Austria, but also high class printed goods. Woven silk and specialized woollen and knitted goods are also typical of local industry. Vorarlberg's reputation for embroidery and hand-made lace has spread far beyond the confines of Europe. Other Vorarlberg industries concern themselves with refining and specialized finishing processes, for the Province is lacking in almost all raw materials. Cupolands, gears, pumps and watches, sliding scales and specialized tools are all made here. The factories for the construction of elevators and cable-railways are based on "White Coal", on the natural water-power of the Province, the exploitation of which has been developed to a high degree.

the more easily and vigorously and you are quickly in Prasmus. 133

Here it was that three sisters once lived—at 133
a happy period, no doubt, for, according to 773
an accepted legend, a spring of pure gold flowed at the foot of the Garsellaspitze. One sunny Sunday these three sisters, instead of going to church as custom and piety dictated, started out towards the Garsellaspitze. Who knows whether it was the flowing gold which led them astray or whether they simply wanted to gather berries? In vain did the church bells call them once more to mass. The three sisters, their heads filled with mundane matters, ignored the summons. Soon they found a place where berries grew so thickly that they were able to fill basket after basket in a short time. As a last reminder of neglected religious duties came the faint tinkle of the transubstantiation bell. When they ignored this final warning, they met their fate. Unable to move, their bodies froze and turned to stone. When the faithful left the church after mass they stood and stared, for at the foot of the Garsellaspitze rose up side by side three tall rocks. The three sisters, however, were never seen again. Their baskets full of berries were found there on the following day. So came the three rocks by the name of "The Three Sisters".

WHERE THE UNICORN HAS ITS HOME. Yes, indeed, the mythical unicorn still exists in Vorarlberg, in the above-mentioned Walgau—in the coat-of-arms of Bludenz, its chief town. Here the landscape is sunny and smiling and the people vivacious and cheerful.

Despite the dominance of the unicorn in the Walgau, or

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Rawhouse.

cloak has transported him into another world. The magnificent though distant views across the Danube to the high-lying plateau of the Waldviertel, to the West towards the Dachstein and beyond it to the Glockner, to the South as far as the barrier of the Karawanken are not easily forgotten.

Dachstein, Southern Slopes.

No less impressive is the wilderness of surrounding peaks and snowfields. The Hochschwab, that mighty giant, is approached through defiles and valleys where stand old foundries and deserted smithies. One's eyes are continually drawn to the towering walls of this gigantic range.

That is how the monk had seen it who is mentioned in the legend of the founding of Mariazell. In the middle of the 12th century, Otto VII, Abbot of Lambach, sent one of his monks eastwards to spread the teachings of Christ in the wilds of the mountains. He carried with him on his arduous journey an ikon of the Virgin, carved out of the wood of the lime-tree. But before long he found that he could no longer find his way out of the mountains, range upon range rising before him to bar his path. At last he sank down exhausted before a wall of rock, calling on the Virgin for help and rescue. In answer to his prayers the unscaleable barrier of rock parted asunder, granting him a miraculous passage to the valley behind it. There the holy man stayed and decided to build himself a cell in honour of the Virgin.

Now a town, Mariazell is delightful in summer as in winter because of its position and the surrounding scenery. Its central point is the great pilgrimage church, the largest in Styria. Gothic forms and baroque roof are impressively united. To the rear of the middle part of the nave is the chapel of Our Lady and the revered picture of the Virgin Mary and Child which is the object of worship.

The simple "Marien-Zelle" has developed into a place of pilgrimage, its religious influence reaching far beyond Austria into other lands. Processions of pilgrims seek comfort and strength here. Women and girls who wear a picture of the Virgin Mary of Mariazell on a slender chain about their necks, are supposed to be protected by it from sin and distress, and to retain for life a share in that charm and piety which enshrines this little jewel of a town in the mountains and spreads over the whole Styrian countryside.

135

and on the Eisenberg and the pyrite rocks at Redlschlag are instances of the varying types of soil.

Unique in Central Europe, however, is the asbestos of Rechnitz and the Styrian jade from Bernstein. The green, veined stone is really beautiful. It comes to the workers who have inherited their trade from father to son as uninteresting stone splinters. The final products can be seen at the Vienna fair—unbelievably delicate vessels and translucent vases. The finest examples have gone to all parts of the world. The late King Alfonso of Spain even took some of them with him into exile.

306

773

The Burgenland is a country of ancient traditions, legends and memories. The story of the good prince Giletus and his wicked wife is supposed to explain the origin of the Neusiedler Lake. Then there is the legend of the "Wasserstoffel", a creature like a human being which lived in the Neusiedler Lake like a fish and, caught and tamed, emptied a whole sack of frogs, snails and water-snakes on to the banqueting table of his adored young mistress at her marriage, because this seemed to him to be a most delicate dish. The wedding gift was anything but well received, and the poor Wasserstoffel, who had meant it well, fled in despair and was never seen again. The Templar knights, who lost the castle of Lockenhaus through treachery, are said still to haunt it. In one of the most beautiful castles there occasionally appears a "White Lady", gentle and gracious.

551

The son of Wolfers von Gussing and his grandsons were called Henz, and from these proud lords whose family was one of the most powerful in the Burgenland the inhabitants are supposed to have received the name of Heinzen.

792

Between Guns and the Carolingian Lutzmannsburg lies the monastery of Marienberg. It was founded in 1194 as a branch of the Austrian Cistercians of Heiligenkreuz, who about this time were granted estates on the shores at the Neusiedler Lake, where the name of Monchhof still recalls their memory.

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Frankenau and a number of neighbouring parishes are inhabited by Croats. This race is to be found in many other villages scattered throughout the whole Province. How they got there, we shall see later. First let us visit the basket weavers

600